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Black History Month: *Towards True Integration*

Reflection by Wayne Hopkins

David proclaimed: "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity..." yet it is no secret that this concept of united dwelling has been elusive when it comes to church life. My personal viewpoint on the issue of integration is a unique one to say the least. I grew up in Greenville, South Carolina, a place whose name conjures up images of plantations, truck stops, grits and the occasional presidential primary. Yet, during my formative years, my hometown was a center for progressive thinking and great advancements in the area of social interaction. Of course, as progressive as things were, I was still very often the face of integration, since I spent most of my childhood being one of few, the first, or most often, the only Black student in a particular place or activity.

Although most of the people around me had a mostly segregated church experience, I found myself serving as a poster child for bridging gaps between groups which had very limited relations. I attended a historical Black church that had been born of an even more historical White church shortly after the end of the Civil War. Our annual joint service was a point of pride for many of the older members who would otherwise never have the opportunity to worship in mixed company.

For many years I considered myself to be a "Bapto-Metho-Pente-Palian" combining the practices I learned from my very staunch Baptist family, Methodist relatives, Pentecostal friends, and the Episcopal school which I attended. It was not until after college that I realized that my fluency in crossing church boundary lines was not something shared by everyone. I was shocked to hear friends lamenting the process of finding churches that would accept people representing

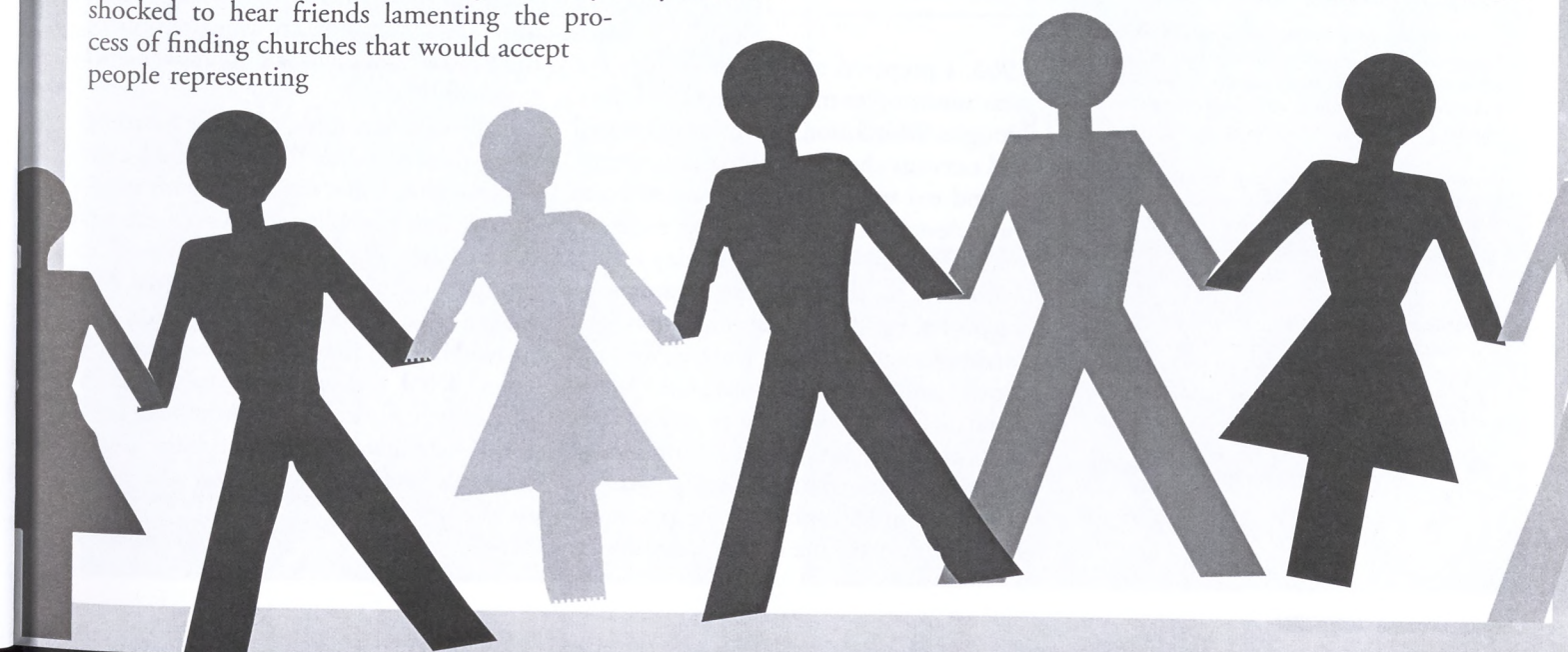
mixed-marriage families, non-denominational backgrounds, and youth-oriented worship as opposed to traditional worship practices.

Galatians 3:28 informs us: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." It seems that many of us have no problem with Christian "one-ness," so long as someone else's one-ness doesn't count for more than our own. This kind of fear has kept us very timid when it comes to crossing the bridges between our various church divisions. The issue of integrating the Church today seems much more than a racial or even denominational concern. Many people apparently desire to stay connected to the culture of their church, as well as to the larger ethnic culture to which they belong.

Considering all the things that divide us as Christians, human beings, and particularly Americans, what then will it take for us to realize the vision for a united and truly universal church?

First, we must realize that Christians who worship differently are not the enemy. Mark 16:15 records Jesus' instruction to us that we should go into all the world, preaching the gospel to every creature. This verse lets us know that we are all in the same boat: sinners in need of a savior. Since Jesus seeks to gather us, we should use every resource available to ensure that every life touching our life is joined to the body of Christ. If we are aware of other churches

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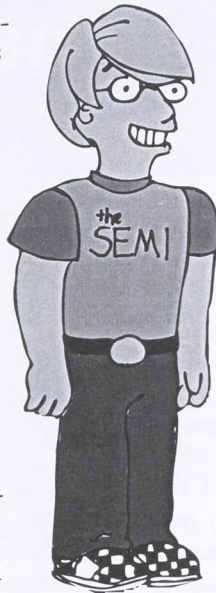


SEMI Relevant

Sometimes integration seems hopeless. Our entire culture is divided. It has been decades since segregation was outlawed, but it sure seems like the church did not get the memo. There might as well be signs adorning our churches reading "white only," "black only," "Korean only" and, perhaps the most appropriate, "rich only."

Why is integration so important? Paul seems to have an idea: "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free person, there is neither male nor female, for you all are one in Christ Jesus." (Gal 3:15). He might have addressed a similar message to us. "You foolish Americans!" he would say. Instead of trying to follow the law (like the Galatians), we are ignoring the truth of our unity in our identity as descendants of Abraham.

John portrays Jesus inclusively dealing with a Samaritan woman, breaking a strong social more. He reveals himself to her as the Christ for whom she has been waiting. Yet she cannot get past the fact that he is even talking to her. We must not be like the Samaritan woman. We know



the whole story, she was limited to knowledge of the Pentateuch. We have a worldwide church that can support us and inform our faith. Yet we seem to cling to the attitude of the culture that John shows Jesus reacting against, afraid of being counter-cultural, of truly integrating the church.

Justo González laments this fearful attitude in *Santa Biblia*. He contends that the dominant culture's churches are dying because they have failed to include the marginalized into the folds of mainline denomination. So what are we waiting for? If we continue to be complacent, segregated and comfortable, we ignore the Gospel.

"Almost always, the creative dedicated minority has made the world better." -Martin Luther King

-Ben Cassil
SEMI Editor

the SEMI

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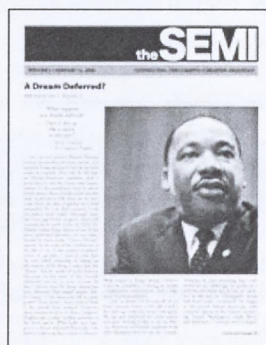
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Advertisements: Notices for events not directly sponsored by a Fuller department, office, or organization will be printed in the "Ads" section and charged per word. All requests should be made through the ads coordinator.

Submission	Deadline
Spring 1	Mar. 10
Spring 2	Mar. 24

We're looking for contributors for the following upcoming issues: **Lent and Easter, Hell, Heaven and Reviews of Films, Books, Music and Restaurants.** If you are interested in contributing writings or artwork, or want to write a letter to the editor, e-mail: semi-editor@dept.fuller.edu. All submissions are subject to editing for length and clarity.



Letter to the Editor

This is my reflection on Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

In my humble apartment in Beverly Hills, on April 4th,

1968, I prepared to fly to Memphis the next morning to meet my natural father, Douglas Murchison. I was very excited and nervous about meeting him, because he and my mother divorced when I was only eleven months old. I was nineteen years old then—my 20th birthday was on April 8th. Oh, the Academy Awards were scheduled for that Friday night too. The media was ablaze with what actors and movies would win the treasured Oscars. Then a horrible and tragic event took place that shook the world. Time stood still. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee, at the Lorraine Motel. The media immediately

focused all its energy on the emerging story from Memphis. The whole world's eyes were on Dr. King's assassination. I remember local TV stations announced that the Academy Awards were cancelled. What happened? Our country was in the process of the Civil Rights Movement, grant it; the South was burning. There were riots, yes, but an assassination of the head of the Civil Rights movement? Impossible!

I flew to Memphis the next morning and arrived at about 10 A.M. at the Memphis Airport. I met my father with trepidation. I did not know what to expect. When I met Dad, I looked at myself as though I were looking into a mirror. We looked alike!! Dad was shaking like a leaf in meeting his first child after so many years. What a day, too, to meet me. A tragically historical day in American History. My half brother, Russell Murchison, was with Dad. They suggested taking me to the Lorraine Motel, where

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Letter to the Editor *Continued from page 2*

Dr. King was assassinated just hours before. Of course, I wanted to go to the site. The day was as dreary as the event. It was cold and kind of rainy, spring in Memphis.

We arrived at the site. I remember looking at the yellow crime scene tape sectioning off the parking lot and around the motel. I remember looking across the street where Dad and Russell pointed out where James Earl Ray hid (in a bunch of bushes) and shot Dr. King. There were no vehicles in the parking lot; evidently they were impounded because I saw historical photos of Dr. King's murder several years later, and there were Cadillacs in the parking lot. Of course, these vehicles are now parked at the Lorraine Motel today.

When I reflect on that morning, I remember thinking what a courageous and humble man Dr. King was to stay in such a poor and rundown neighborhood. I thought: "could not a man of his

stature had stayed at a better hotel?" Two African American colleagues of mine at Fuller Theological Seminary pointed out recently, when we discussed my witness account: "Where else was he going to stay? He was a Black man." Obviously I did not perceive the issue as they do. I am white, raised in Los Angeles and accepting of all races and ethnicities. I forgot I was in the South, albeit I was born in Memphis, with very deep Southern family roots.

Over the years—40 years now—since that tragic day in American history, April 4, 1968, I have come to learn about social movements, especially about the difficulties the leaders endure. They are ready to die for their causes. Dr. King died for his. He knew he was going to die. He preached that he would not make it, and that he knew that he would not make it to the mountain with the rest of the people in the Civil Rights Movement. He was on borrowed time.

I have returned to the Lorraine Motel several times over the years. Today, the Lorraine Motel is the Civil Rights Museum. Have you ever been there to visit? The Museum tells the stark, dramatic story of the African American fight for freedom as well as the story Holocaust, which we must never forget either. Dr. King's room is there just as it was on April 4, 1968, however the room is sealed with glass partition to look in.

Time stood still that day. For me, the memories are still fresh in my mind. I met my Dad in Memphis, yes, but I will always remember that day with sorrow because of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s dying there. We must ever remember Dr. King's example of the freedom fight and justice for all oppressed peoples. God bless you all.

Barbara Ann "Sunny" Murchison
MDiv Recovery Ministry

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Paul's Prayer

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Philippians 1:9*

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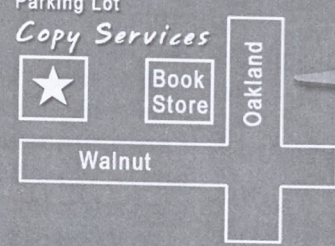
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Just Listen

Reflection by Justin Phillips

*"I never whipped anybody
and nobody ever whipped you!"*

*"You damn right,
and nobody's gonna whip me!"*

This was the exchange heard in sophomore English in my small Tennessee town. The confrontation took place during Black History Month between a girl from my church youth group and a track teammate of mine, two voices talking right past one another. Our teacher, a young, blonde-haired, blue-eyed newcomer, was desperately channeling Michele Pfeiffer for a contrived *Dangerous Minds* sort of moment—and she was failing miserably. This was my first vision of an attempted reconciliation, and it had not followed the Hollywood script.

I was fifteen at the time, and had done my best to empathize with African-Americans my entire young life, because my parents taught me that to do otherwise was contrary to both Christ's teachings and America's laws. I knew that Jesus loved all the little children. I had learned lessons about Dr. King and read his biographies on my own. But this day in English prompted a new response to racial injustice: I started to listen.

I listened to a lot of things: I listened to the language that some of my friends used without thought or remorse. I listened to my teammates on long bus rides to and from our track meets. I listened to the adolescent shuffling of feet—the conversation momentarily ceased—on our field trip to that Bel Air hotel room in Memphis. And, I also listened in church, waiting to hear just one word about our brothers and sisters around the block, or even justice—and I heard nothing.

No, I had to rely on my classmates and even hip-hop to hear my first sermon on race. When Chuck D (of Public Enemy) boomed "By the Time I get to Arizona," which was a response to the Arizona Governor Evan Mecham's decision not to honor Dr. King with the rest of the nation, I heard a small bit of a community's pain. Whether it sounds cliché or not, music was my first connection with my black teammates. We sang Michael Jackson and Boyz II Men jams to entertain each other on long runs. I knew every word to L.L. Cool J,

Dre, Snoop, etc. and my Sinatra-styling of early '90s classics were in heavy rotation in the back of the big yellow bus. Unfortunately, even at fifteen, my gestures for friendship didn't move much beyond clowning around. After all, we invite friends over for dinner, do we not? Friendship is not to be reserved only for work or school, is it? Painfully, I realized that a few centuries worth of domination could not be undone by whatever happened to be playing on the boom-box that day. There had to be more.

In the American South, the land marks our collective history, and it often brings a word—if you just listen. Like Cain and Abel before us, the very ground cries out from the blood of our brothers and sisters. Arrested Development raps in the song "Tennessee": "Past Dyersburg, into Ripley, where the ghosts of childhood haunt me—walk the roads my forefathers walked, climbed the trees my forefathers hung from." This is my home. I can tell you that Dyersburg and Ripley are located nearly equidistant from Union City in different directions. I can tell you that the wind hits your face as you reach the homestretch in Dyersburg and that the Ripley track measures one-fifth of a mile and feels like concrete underneath your feet. But, my experience is limited to the tactile. I cannot tell you anything about what it feels like to be an African-American in these places.

We white folks who care about reconciliation need to do but one thing at the outset of this pursuit: listen, and then listen a while longer. There will be a time to speak, but not until we have listened to the stories of those who have suffered. Secondly, there is no real reconciliation without repentance, forgiveness, and justice. We might not have "whipped anyone" as my classmate put it, but nothing happens until we repent, even if it is to say first to our Lord and then to our brothers and sisters: "I have not listened. I have not loved you with my whole heart. Forgive me." Then we can have, as families do, an old-fashioned "come-to-Jesus" meeting full of handshakes and hugs, eye contact (even if they're full of tears), and long laughs over family dinners. Yes, this is a theological problem, no doubt, but it

will not be solved by mere theology. This problem needs practice.

In seminary I was part of a racial reconciliation group. Sixteen seminarians, eight men and women, black and white, gathered every week to tell their stories. It was, to say the least, a far cry from my high school English class. One week, Gail, an African-American woman who came to be my friend, told a story of being ignored at a tire store in favor of a white customer who had just stepped in line. The white woman told the cashier that Gail, in fact, had been waiting longer. Gail concluded her story with words that I have not lost since that day five years ago: "You know, I don't wake up everyday thinking of myself as 'black,' but everyday someone, somehow, reminds me that I am." The African-Americans in the group silently nodded; their shared experience was obvious to the other half of the group, who I dare say had never been made aware of their "whiteness" on a daily basis. The rest of us said nothing in response. For now, listening had been enough. **S**

Justin Phillips is a first-year PhD student in Ethics and thinks Grace Matters by Chris Rice is required reading for all white folks.



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Dying Young

Reflection by Tony Mills

I write this as I listen to the breaking news coverage on MSNBC that after days of testing and waiting, the New York City medical examiner concluded that Heath Ledger died of an accidental overdose of prescription drugs. I am somewhat relieved that this was not a suicide. I understand that one of the drugs was a sleeping pill, and that Heath suffered from insomnia. I imagine that in an attempt to get some sleep, it was one of the drugs of which he just took too many. Of course when you are young you think that you can handle more than you really can. You think you're invincible. Did Heath think this about himself, even implicitly? Of course I can't say, and I hope not, but the point is this: everyone says things like that about young people, but it doesn't lessen the shock and sadness at all when we find out so tragically often how accurate it really is. (I have since discovered that Heath actually did not take more than his recommended dosage; rather, the drugs were not supposed to be mixed.)

It would seem to be true about my brother Joey. He was nine years older than me, the youngest child from my father's first marriage. When he was about 14 or 15, so I'm told, he thought it would be fun to make a pipe bomb in the garage. When it exploded unexpectedly, he had to be taken to the hospital for severe injuries, but he didn't die then. Lucky, we might say. Years later, just a few weeks shy of his 20th birthday, he was coming back to the naval base where he lived from a night of drinking with his friends. He was in the back seat, had the least to drink, and was the only one injured when the car careened out of control and slammed sideways into a telephone pole on a rainy Washington night. This time he was not so lucky. He was declared dead within a couple of hours.

My brother David, my dad's oldest son, and from the same previous marriage, was about 36 when the examiners deemed his death an "accidental suicide" officially. I was told that he always had some intimacy issues, especially with women, which does not go well mixed with alcohol. He came home drunk, had an argument with his girlfriend, a gun

got involved and that was it. Apparently he threatened to kill himself and there was a struggle, then it went off. No harm to her, just him. One shot—through the chest if I recall. I had just seen him a few days before at a Christmas party at my parents' house. We exchanged e-mails and said that we would keep in touch. When I got back to campus a week or so after the funeral, there was an e-mail from him waiting for me, sent a day or two before he died. Nothing sad or long, just wanting to say "hi."

There are countless such stories we can tell, whether of relatives or friends or celebrities. No matter how far removed from us personally, dying young always seems to hit close to home. There is always some inexpressible sadness, no matter the cause of death, whether it be suicide, homicide, accidental overdose, car crash, whatever. There is always a sense of something being ripped from us, stolen away, so as to make us wander, not even in sadness at first, but confusion. A future has been closed. It is not even a question of hope versus despair, but something which cuts off both. A suicidal person, however much despair and turmoil walks with them, can still be saved. Even a dying person is not dead yet. But a young dead person is something else altogether.

Robert Jensen writes that the chief difference between a dead person and a living person is that the living can still surprise you. We might think that even a dead person who has lived a long, full life has been done some justice, and has been given ample opportunity to surprise us. The dead young not only no longer surprises us, but have never had much chance of it at all, and this is the greatest tragedy. I think of my brothers, and Heath Ledger, and so many others who will never again feel sunlight and rain, or a lover's embrace, or the thrill of what is still to come in their lives; will never again laugh with friends or eat a meal or create what may have been some masterpiece or make a difference in the world. Whether or not they would have is a different question, but certainly now they can not.

Yet I myself, for my part, cannot in honest or good conscience, despite what-

ever tears I've shed or bitterness I feel, declare that this is the entirety of their destiny. For what point is any kind of faith, any hope, any love, if not for times and tragedies like these? If everything I have written about God or believe about God or even prayed to God is anything other than complete bull-[expletive deleted], I must hold out some hope that death is not the final word for Joey or David or Heath or anyone else, whether young or old. I take it that when the Bible declares in so many places that God reconciles to himself all things, that all things are really meant; that a new heaven and a new earth are really meant; that the wiping away of tears is really meant. Perhaps the dead can no longer surprise us, but I think God can surprise them. **S**

Tony Mills is a PhD Student in Theology and Culture. Even though he is half a continent away in the arctic chill of Minnesota, he is only one click away at: www.omnisdei.blogspot.com.



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Dr. Marianne Meye Thompson: A Life of Teaching

By Brian Pounds

Teaching is in Dr. Marianne Meye Thompson's DNA. Both her parents were in the field of education (her father a NT professor as well). From an early age she simply assumed that she would be a teacher and as life progressed, her vocational path gained focus. While pursuing a bachelor's degree in literature at Wheaton College, she came to the decision that she wanted to teach literature at the college level. During that time, she took two classes with renowned scholar Gordon Fee as part of the required curriculum. The exposure to New Testament studies in these classes sparked an interest that led her to Fuller Seminary with the intention of either going back into literature after gaining some theological exposure, or going further in New Testament studies. She eventually chose the latter and completed a PhD at Duke University before returning to Fuller as a professor.

Thompson has always approached the study of the NT from the standpoint of faith. She says: "I suppose it never occurred to me to study the NT in any other way, although many do of course study it without such theological commitments." Closely related to her holistic outlook on faith and scholarship is Thompson's appreciation of the interrelationship between teaching and scholarship. "I hope and believe that being a better scholar makes me a better teacher" said Thompson. The projects she works

on often directly correlate with material covered in the courses she chooses to teach. For example, while writing the books *God in the Gospel of John* and *The Promise of the Father*, Thompson was simultaneously teaching the course "The God of the Gospels." Thompson's teaching process is not merely unidirectional, relaying her research to the class, but also a consideration of responses and questions students bring to the subject matter. As she puts it: "I would hope that the influence went both directions—what I study and read shape what I teach, and my experience in the classroom surely shapes what I write about."

Thompson has written more extensively on the *Gospel of John* than any other area. Her background in literature initially attracted her to John's richly symbolic narrative, but the trepidation with which many scholars have approached the gospel was another reason for her interest. Rather than daunting her, the popular attitude of "not knowing what to do with John" has instead increased her focus upon it. The unique portrait of Jesus painted by the Fourth Evangelist, is, in Thompson's view, "important for thinking about what a first-century historical account might look like, and how we are indebted to the witness of early Christians, distilled in the Gospels, to grasp the identity of Jesus."

Ultimately, the activity of researching and teaching at Fuller is for Thompson a

ministry to the church, which is, in her words, "the context in which we receive, read, study, and live Scripture." She and her husband Dr. John L. Thompson, Professor of Historical Theology and Gaylen and Susan Byker Professor of Reformed Theology, are also involved in mentoring groups of students through "The Company of New Pastors," a program guiding seminarians through the process of ordination in the Presbyterian Church (USA). Thus, from beginning to end, Thompson is a teacher and minister to the students of Fuller Seminary. **S**

Dr. Marianne Thompson will speak on "What Holds the Bible Together?" at a service to install her into the George Eldon Ladd Chair of New Testament in the School of Theology. The service will be held on Tuesday, March 11, 10:00–10:50 a.m. at the First Congregational Church next to the Fuller campus (corner of N. Los Robles Avenue and E. Walnut Street) with a reception to follow. The event is free and open to the public.

Brian Pounds, pictured here with his wife Noelle, is a PhD student concentrating in New Testament studies.



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Delos PPO Forms Now Online

Students who are signing up for Delos health insurance for the Spring quarter can complete the process from the comfort of their own computer. Get the process started today at: www.renstudent.com/fuller.

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True Integration *Continued from page 1*

or groups who profess the same Christ as we do, then we should join hands with them, rather than raise fists simply because of the tempo at which they sing, or whether they allow jeans to be worn within their sanctuaries!

Next, we should remember that the face of the church has always defied normal description. Since we are created in God's image, He has made us to uniquely reflect His presence in our lives in a variety of ways. If we don't seek or even

acknowledge God in others, we are missing out on the greater benefit of the fellowship with the saints.

As David expresses, "how amiable are thy tabernacles..." we should do everything necessary to maintain the houses of God under our charge as centers for love, friendship, kindness and care, so that whoever dares to come within our walls will feel welcome.

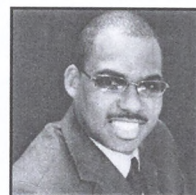
Practically speaking, we will do well to consider the benefits of increased diversity in our churches. With diversity comes the opportunity to expand in the areas of education, diminish cross-cultural tensions, and broaden evangelistic reach.

After more than two years at Fuller, I now realize that a small amount of awareness and compassion can go a long way. I have come to appreciate new styles of spiri-

tual expression to which I had no previous exposure. I have come to understand that the King James Version is not the only way to receive the Word of God (no one ever told me that "thee" and "thou" are not original Greek words). I have even had the pleasure of sharing in worship with people who look like me, but whose church foundations are worlds different from my own.

To that end, true integration won't likely involve the elimination of denominations or various styles of worship. However, unity will definitely require all Christians to live to be known by their love—not only to the poor or downhearted—but particularly by their love and respect to each other. **S**

Wayne is a third-year MDiv student. When he is not playing gospel music, he spends his spare time being mistaken for Tiger Woods and Barack Obama.



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Black History Month:

Art Exhibit and Complimentary Lunch

Tues., Feb. 26, 11 a.m. – 4 p.m. PMCA Museum.

Featured Artist: Jan L. Jackson

The African American Church Studies Program

invites you to honor our history during Black History Month as we pray and fast. Please join us for prayer in the Garth on Monday (Feb. 25) and in our office on Tuesday (Feb. 26) beginning at 12:00 noon. Our office is located at 460 Ford Place, 2nd floor. Please call 626.584.5591 for more information.

Scholarship Opportunities:

Soroptimist International: \$3,500. Application deadline is February 29. www.soroptimist-losangeles.com.

KeyBank: \$2,500. Three awarded every month until August 2008. www.key.com/signup.

SOP Free Therapy. The School of Psychology is offering free individual therapy to a limited number of students and their family members on a first-come first-serve basis. Therapy is provided by supervised students earning a doctoral degree in clinical psychology. Ideal for relationship issues, life transitions, personal growth, stress, sadness, anxiety, self-esteem, and identity issues. Duration of therapy will be determined by need, limited only by the duration of the academic year. For more info, contact Fuller Psychological and Family Services at 626.584.5555.

Parish Pulpit Fellowship

Application deadline: March 28, by 5:00 p.m..

Applications are being taken for the 2008-2009 Parish Pulpit Fellowship. One fellowship is available (\$24,000 for single recipient; \$28,000 for a married recipient, if spouse accompanies). Recipient must be eligible for graduation in spring or summer of 2008. Awardees are expected to travel and study overseas during the 2008-2009 academic year, beginning in the Fall of 2008. Applications are available at the School of Theology Dean's Office (Payton 216; 626.584.5300 or e-mail sot-deansoffice@dept.fuller.edu).

What Holds the Bible Together?

Tues., March 11, 10:00 – 10:50 a.m..

Installation of Dr. Marianne Mey Thompson into the George Eldon Ladd Chair of New Testament in the School of Theology.

Vocational Chaplain. Don't know where God is calling you? Want someone to talk to about your future? Career Services now has a Chaplain for Vocational Discernment. Please contact Allison Ash at 626.396.6027 or chaplain.ash@mac.com for more information.

Tickets to a.m.usement Parks: Student Life and Services sells tickets to Disneyland (two-fer tickets \$65 adults, \$55 children) Legoland (\$42) and Universal Studios (\$42). Come by our office on the 2nd floor of the Catalyst, or call 626.584.5435.

Disability Seating Accommodation: The Access Services Office (ASO) appreciates your cooperation in ensuring that chairs and desks labeled "ASO Disability Accommodation: DO NOT REMOVE" are left in their designated places. Questions can be directed to ASO at 626.584.5439 or at aso-coordinator@dept.fuller.edu.

Attn: Bike Riders: Please remember to park your bicycles in the appropriate bike racks located in the SOP: east of the ramp, The Garth: close to the

Refectory and behind the Mail Center. Remember to use a U-lock to prevent theft. As an extra precaution, you may register your bike with the Parking and Security office: 584.5440

All student wives are invited to SUPPORT: the Bible study, prayer and fellowship group just for you! Choose from:

SUPPORT A.M.: Wednesday mornings, from 9–11:15, at the Pasadena Presbyterian Church, 3rd floor. *Childcare is provided for children 0–5 years.*
SUPPORT P.M.: Thursday evenings from 7–9 in the Koinonia Community Life Center. *No childcare is provided.*

For more information, call Heidi at 626.578.0325.

Hospital Chaplaincy Opportunity in Spring Quarter for MDiv Students Looking to do a ten-week Hospital Chaplaincy (FE546) to fulfill your FE2 internship requirements? Huntington Hospital in Pasadena, Glendale Adventist in Glendale, Providence St. Joseph's in Burbank, and Northridge Hospital in Northridge are currently accepting applications for the Spring Quarter. Apply early! These spots are competitive. Please stop by the Field Education Office as soon as possible to get more information and pick up applications.

Prayerline Volunteers Needed. Make a difference in the lives of people throughout the country. For a rewarding and fulfilling experience to pray for one hour a week contact Kaity: kkrompas@yahoo.com.

HelpKids(FreeTickets!) PasadenaPlayhouse seeks volunteers to help at risk kids. If interested in social work contact lrudin@pasadenaplayhouse.org.

SERVICES

Auto Repair. Engine repair, tune-ups, oil change, brakes, batteries, etc. Complete service. Hrnt Auto Service. 1477 E. Washington Blvd., Pasadena. Call 626.798.4064 for an appointment.

Auto Collision Repair. 5 minutes west of Fuller. Owned by family of Fuller graduate for 25 years. Discount for students! Columbia Auto Body. 1567 Colorado Blvd. 323.258.0565. Ask for John or Paul.

Massage Therapy. Susan Young is a nationally certified massage therapist, ready to serve you in nearby La Cañada. Liked by many at Fuller, she is part of the Fuller community herself. Call 626.660.6856 and visit www.relaxhealgrow.com.

Rings, Diamonds, and Things! Walter Zimmer Co. is a jewelry design, manufacturing, and repair business founded in 1917 and located in the jewelry district of downtown Los Angeles. Owner Mel Zimmer is a longtime member of Glendale Presbyterian Church. Because of our appreciation of Charles Fuller and the Seminary, we consider

it a privilege to serve Fuller students. Phone Mel's son Ken at 213.622.4510 for information. Also visit our website: www.walterzimmer.com.

Do You Need Mortgage Financing for a Home Purchase or Refinance? Contact Fuller alum Laurie Lundin at Vista Financial Advisors. 626.825.6173. llundin@earthlink.net.

J&G Auto Service. Complete auto repair. Brakes, tune-up, mufflers. Certified Smog Station. 1063 E. Walnut St. 626.793.0388. Monday – Friday, 8 a.m. – 5:30 p.m.

Psychology Research Problems Solved! Fuller SOP PhD alumnus with 20 years experience as a statistician for thesis and dissertation consultations. Worked on hundreds of projects. Teaches graduate research courses. Designing "survivable" research proposals a specialty. Methods chapter tune-ups. Survey development. Provides multivariate data analysis using SAS or SPSS. Statistical results explained in simple English! Assistance with statistical table creation and report write-up.

Final oral defense preparation. Fuller community discounts. Call for free phone consultation. Tom Granoff, PhD. 310.640.8017. E-mail tgranoff@lmu.edu. Visa/Discover/ MasterCard/ AMEX accepted.

Tax Time. Tax preparer, licensed and bonded, specializing in ministers, Fuller students and staff. Reasonable rates. Ask for Tom Dunn at 818.352.8237.

The Services section of the SEMI is for announcing services and events not offered by Fuller. Individuals are personally responsible for evaluating the quality and type of service before contracting or using it. The SEMI and Student Life and Services do not recommend or guarantee any of the services listed.